

WORLD AND OLYMPIC RECORDS TIED BY U. S.

MRS. WOODROW WILSON TELLS OF HOME LIFE

A Complete Short Story
—BY—
America's Best Short Story Writer

The



The World

NIGHT
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While the Auto Waits

NO. 1.

By O. HENRY

The Romance of a Girl From Somewhere, a Man From Nowhere, and the Great New York Game of Bluff.

(This is the first of a series of O. Henry's best short stories. One of these stories will be printed each Saturday throughout the summer.)

PROMPTLY at the beginning of twilight came again to that quiet corner of that quiet, small park the girl in gray. She sat upon a bench and read a book, for there was yet to come a half hour in which print could be accomplished.

To repeat: Her dress was gray, and plain enough to mask its impecuniousness of style and fit. A large-meshed veil imprisoned her turban hat and a face that shone through it with a calm and unconscious beauty. She had come there at the same hour on the day previous, and on the day before that; and there was one who knew it.

The young man who knew it hovered near, relying upon his own resources to the great loss, Luck. His piety was rewarded, for, in turning a page, her book slipped from her fingers, and bounded from the bench a full yard away.

The young man pounced upon it with instant avidity, returning it to its owner with that air that seems to flourish in parks and public places—a compound of gallantry and hope, tempered with respect for the policeman on the beat. In a pleasant voice, he risked an inconspicuous remark upon the weather and stood poised for a moment, awaiting his fate.

The girl looked him over leisurely; at his ordinary, neat dress and his features distinguished by nothing particular in the way of expression.

"You may sit down, if you like," she said, in a full, deliberate contralto. "Really, I would like to have you do so. The light is too bad for reading. I would prefer to talk."

The vessel of Luck slid upon the seat by her side with complaisance. "Do you know," he said, speaking the forthwith with which park chairmen open their meetings, "that you are quite the sunniest girl I have seen in a long time? I had my eye on you yesterday. Didn't know somebody was bowled over by those pretty lamps of yours, did you, honey-suckle?"

"Whoever you are," said the girl, in a low tone, "you must remember that I am a lady. I will excuse the remark you have just made because the mistake was, doubtless, not an unnatural one in your circle. I asked you to sit down; if the invitation must constitute me your honey-suckle, consider it withdrawn."

"I earnestly beg your pardon," pleaded the young man. "It was my fault. You know—I mean, there are girls in parks, you know—that is, of course, you don't know, but—"

"Abandon the subject, if you please. Of course I know. Now, tell me about these people passing and crowding, each way, along these paths. Where are they going? Why do they hurry so? Are they happy?"

The young man had promptly abandoned this air of superiority. "It is interesting to watch them," he replied, postulating her mood. "It is the wonderful drama of life. Some are going to supper and some to—other places. One wonders what their histories are."

"I do not," said the girl; "I am not so inquisitive. I come here just because here, only, can I find the great common, throbbing heart of humanity. My part in life is cast where its beats are never felt. Can you surmise why I speak to you, Mr. Parkenstacker?"

"Parkenstacker," supplied the young man. Then he looked eager and hopeful.

"No," said the girl, holding up a slender finger and looking at it. "You would recognize it immediately. It is impossible to keep one's name out of print. Or even one's portrait. This veil and this hat of mine would furnish me with an income. Candidly, there are five or six names that belong in the holy of holies, and mine, by the accident of birth, is one of them. I speak to you, Mr. Parkenstacker."

"Parkenstacker," corrected the young man, modestly.

"Mr. Parkenstacker, because I wanted to talk to you once, in a natural, man-to-man way, unimpeded by the deplorable gloss of wealth and supposed social superiority. Oh! you do not know how weary I am of it—money, money, money! And of the men who surround me, dancing like little marionettes all out by the same pattern. I am sick of pleasure, of jewels, of travel, of society, of all kinds."

"You always had an idea," ventured the young man, hesitatingly. "That money must be a pretty good thing."

"A competence is to be desired. But when you have so many millions that—"

"It is the monotony of it," she continued. "That talk, Dr. Jones, dinner, theatre, balls, suppers, with the sliding of superfluous wealth over it all. Sometimes the very tinkle of the ice in my champagne glass nearly drives me mad."

"Mr. Parkenstacker looked indignantly interested. 'I have always liked' he said, 'to read and hear about the ways of wealthy and fashionable folk. Suppose I am a bit of a snob. But I like to have my information accurate. Now, I had formed the opinion that champagne is cooled in the bottle and not by placing ice in the glass. The girl gave a musical laugh of genuine amusement."

"You should know," she explained, in an indignant tone, "that we of the non-wealthy class depend for our amusement upon departure from precedent. A just new idea is a fat to put ice in champagne. The idea was originated by a visiting Prince of Tartary while dining at the Waldorf. It will soon give way to some other whim. Just as at a dinner party

CHECKS POUR IN TO SWELL WILSON CAMPAIGN FUND

The Governor's Mail Filled With Contributions Ranging From \$5 to \$100.

RIGHT KIND, HE SAYS

Candidate Declares the Tariff Is the Centre of the Campaign Issue.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 6.—Many checks, ranging from \$5 to \$100, appeared in the enormous mail received to-day at Gov. Wilson's summer home, Verona, N. J.

The Governor was pleased with the prompt tender of material aid. He has under advisement the plan of making public each contribution.

"These checks," he said, "represent my idea of the right kind of campaign fund—the kind that comes from unsolicited sources. The subscriptions and the whole-hearted wishes accompanying them are an interesting feature of my mail."

"Is it your opinion that the tariff is the leading issue of the campaign?" the Governor was asked.

"Undoubtedly the tariff is at the centre of the campaign issue," he replied. "The thing is interlarded on public questions of all kinds. A great many trust questions have arisen out of present tariff conditions. In fact, the more you start from the tariff—as the heart—you go directly into the trust question."

He was asked if he contemplated a condition which would compel him to take off his coat and go to the mat with Col. Roosevelt.

"That does sound rather strenuous, doesn't it?" said the Governor. He again expressed his delight at the indication of the party. He gave out two letters as further indicating the support of the Clark and Underwood factions.

BANKHEAD PROMISES SUPPORT OF UNDERWOOD MEN.

One from Senator Bankhead read: "As the manager of Mr. Underwood's campaign, I beg to congratulate you on the splendid victory you have won at Baltimore."

Mr. Underwood had every friend he has stands ready to give you their enthusiastic support. They await orders. After the battle we found no dead to bury. We are ready to pursue the enemy and will follow you in the thickest of the fight."

A letter from Jim "Ham" Lewis of Chicago:

"It does not diminish my sentiment toward Mr. Clark for me to congratulate my country upon your nomination. Rest assured that I am one of the men who will aid in bringing to you the electoral vote of Illinois, Indiana and Iowa. I beg also to congratulate you in the splendid floor campaign—McCormack, Palmer and Hughes."

John is an elderly, powerful citizen of Franklin, Pa., much like the Governor in facial characteristics. He met the Californians in New York. Senator Otis James, Permanent Chairman of the National Convention, reached the "Little White House" about 2 o'clock. The Governor was at luncheon when he heard the Kentucky's convention voice outside.

He hurried to the door and brought the Senator to lunch with his family. Senator James said no date had been set for the notification ceremonies.

"The fortune of war" was his comment on Clark's defeat. As a delegate from Kentucky Senator James supported the Speaker.

Russell Ford Married. WASHINGTON, July 6.—Russell Ford, star pitcher of the New York American League baseball team, and Miss Mary B. Bethell of Reidsville, N. C., were married here last night.

The couple left at once for New York, where the bridegroom is scheduled to show it out down the river and throw it into the Potomac River.

JACKY AND PUPPY RAN AWAY AND MA GOT AWFUL SCARE

When They Found Jacky's Little Flag by the River Things Looked Bad.

BUT HE JES' TOOK A NAP.

And Another Puppy Found Runaway Pair in Bushes, So It's All Right.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)

SEA GIRT, N. J., July 6.—Many weeks old, the puppy is seven weeks old. The two are to-day the most important dwellers in the home of August Hillman, on Personette avenue, Verona, N. J.

Meeny-yow, the puppy, started down the back yard path of the Hillman home at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, bounding along on stiff forelegs, wagging his hind quarters and yapping joyful morning impudence at Jacky over his shoulder.

Jacky was game and laid chase. Mrs. Hillman, who was looking after breakfast, watched them through the kitchen window for a minute and laughed as they disappeared around the corner of a shed. She didn't laugh again all day long or until late last night. And then, while she laughed she also cried.

AMERICAN FLAG ONLY TRACE OF MISSING BOY.

For from the time Jacky and Meeny-yow disappeared around the corner of the shed, neither Mr. Hillman nor Mrs. Hillman nor any of the hundred or more neighbors who spent the whole day looking for him could get the slightest trace of the little boy until he was brought home at dusk, crying, with the fat Meeny-yow squirming (and also crying) in his arms.

In all the time he had been missing only one trace of Jacky had been found—a bedraggled little American flag, with a broken stick, which he had gripped in his hand when he started to chase the puppy down the walk. The flag was picked up on the bank of the Peckman River, the outlet of Verona Lake, just where the river runs deep and strong, with a brown, swirling current between banks marked with a deceitful, heavy mass of hanging grass.

There are other places in the river where it runs barely two or three inches deep, over sand and gravel. But with the flag found where it was, there was a mighty little comfort in that. The more the country between the river and the Hillman home were searched, the more horrible the possibilities seemed, the harder drawn became the lines in Mrs. Hillman's face and the wilder grew her eyes.

A. M. Captain, who lives on the Pompton Turnpike, three miles from the Hillman house and across the river, found one dog, Fitz, acting queerly at supper time, last night. Fitz was as busy as an old maid taking care of four nephews between six and ten. Fitz felt important.

MEENY-YOW TOOK CARE OF JACKY ALL RIGHT.

Mr. Captain was at last persuaded to follow Fitz out into the front yard and then into the house to the back yard and the garden. It seemed almost impossible that Fitz had killed a woodchuck and wanted to show off. Fitz dove into the current bushes and came out again, whining excitedly. Mr. Captain got down on his hands and knees and looked.

Under the current bushes, with his petticoats rolled up about his hips and his fat bare legs sprawling out on the dirt, lay Jacky Hillman, sound asleep. And sprawled out, too, like a lump of soft dough dropped on a kneading board was Meeny-yow, with his head on the tip of his black and white spotted nose resting on the palm of Jacky's outstretched, pink hand.

"I wasn't afraid," said Jacky to his mother three thousand questions this morning. "Meeny-yow took care of me, all right."

BRYAN HANGED IN EFFIGY BY A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

People at Beach Resort Near Washington Settle the Question After Resenting the Act.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Conflicting stories are being told of the hanging in effigy of William J. Bryan at Colonial Beach, a summer resort near here Wednesday night. The truth seems to be that the hanging was done by one man disappointed over the outcome of the Baltimore convention.

The residents of Colonial Beach, however, resented the act and by way of showing it out down the river and throw it into the Potomac River.

FIVE OF SIX MEN IN FINAL 100-METRE DASH YANKEES

Bride Who Has Given \$10,000 For New Women's Trade School



SUDDEN SPREAD OF STOKERS' STRIKE OF TRADES INSURED HOLDS UP LINER BY BRIDE'S \$10,000

Waterfront Trouble for First Time Reaches Transatlantic Steamers To-Day.

The waterfront strike suddenly extended to the transatlantic liners to-day when, without warning, 108 stokers, coal passers and firemen of the crew of the American line steamship Philadelphia walked out about an hour before the vessel was scheduled to sail. The steamship officials had received no warning and no grievances had been presented. All of the men who walked out had signed articles for a month on Monday last and by striking in this manner are liable to fine and imprisonment.

A week ago, says the officials of the American Line, Secretary Viall of the Firemen's Union gave assurances that the strike would be confined to the coastwise vessels, as the Union had no complaint to make of the treatment the men received on the transatlantic ships of the International Mercantile Marine.

The Philadelphia was due to sail at 5:30 with 128 first, 173 second and 214 third class passengers. After the engine room crew had deserted it was necessary to send to other vessels of the line for recruits in the hope of getting the ship out to-day.

Delegates of the union boarded the pier shortly after 6 o'clock and urged the men to walk out. One delegate, who was making a speech to the seamen, was thrown off the pier by the strikers. None of the seamen joined the strike. The trouble did not extend to the liner Valerian and the Olympic, which sailed on time to-day.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the Philadelphia managed to get away from her pier, but without a full engine room crew. The liner steamed down the Upper Bay and anchored off Tompkinsville, where it was hoped that more men could be recruited. The officials of the line were sure they would get the ship off on her way overseas before sundown.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE. For all Coastwise, Central, South American and Bermuda Steamship Lines, Travelers' checks and money orders. Bureau and local stock room open day and night. The World-Telegram Building, 300 N. E. Telephone Bookings 4000.

Donald Lippincott Makes Race in World's Record Time of 10 3-5 Seconds and Craig Ties Olympic Record With 10 7-10 Mark.

"MEL" SHEPPARD'S RACE PROVES DISAPPOINTMENT.

Fleet American Is Beaten in Semi-Final, but Still Qualifies for Final in 800-Metre Run.

(Special Cable Despatch to The Evening World.)

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, July 6.—The athletes of the United States flashed the Stars and Stripes to the front to-day with a distinction which startled even their warmest friends and closest observers. The chronicles of the day show:

Five of the six sprinters qualifying for the finals of the 100-metre dash are Americans. The other is the formidable South African, Patching.

Two of the American 100-metre contenders showed speed to-day, beating the Olympic record, and one of them, Lippincott, of the University of Pennsylvania, equalled the world's record, 10 3-5 seconds; his team-mate, Craig, of the Detroit Y. M. C. A., made the distance in only one-tenth of a second time less, being a tenth of a second faster than the Olympic record.

Eight Americans qualified for the 800-metre race. Four Englishmen and two Canadians also qualified. The apparent flagging of "Mel" Sheppard, who ran a bad second to Souter, of England, in very slow time (two minutes and two-fifths of a second), caused some apprehension, but word passed that Sheppard, who is entered in many events, was saving himself and was satisfied to qualify for the finals without fighting out the preliminary heat.

So, though the Swedish javelin thrower, E. Lemming, beat the world's record, and a Finn and a Hungarian were his only close contenders, the Americans look forward cheerfully to the morrow, when the finals of the two running events will be decided.

Duke Kahanamoku, of Hawaii, established a world's record of 1 minute 2 2-5 seconds in his trial heat in the 100-metre swim.

Eight sprinters qualified for the semi-finals of the 100-metre run. They were Alvan P. Meyer of the Irish-American Athletic Club, who was not regarded as promising enough to take abroad and was sent at the expense of his club; Ralph C. Craig of the Detroit Y. M. C. A.; Howard P. Drew, the negro boy from the Springfield (Mass.) High School; Donald P. Lippincott of the University of Pennsylvania; F. V. Belote of the Chicago Athletic Club; P. C. Gerhardt of the Olympic Athletic Club; Ira I. Courtney of the Seattle Athletic Association and Clement P. Wilson of Coe College, Ia.

Five of these eight qualified in the final. They were Lippincott, whose feat in equaling the world's record did not stir him too much to keep him from staying in front in his semi-final heat; Belote, Drew, Craig and Meyer.

In Lippincott's first heat, Yashiko of Japan, one of the only three athletes sent by his country, was fifth and last. Drew won his heat easily, coming to the tape several yards ahead of his nearest competitor. Wilson qualified, though beaten by Jacobs, the speedy Englishman, who ran in 19 4-5 seconds. Rau, the German, won his heat easily and is the contender most feared.

PERFECT DAY MARKS OPENING OF THE CONTESTS.

Eight Americans also qualified for the 800-metre contests: David S. Caldwell, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; Herbert N. Putnam, of Cornell (second to Mann of England); John Paul Jones, of Cornell; Clarence S. Edmundson, Seattle A. A.; Ira N. Davenport, University of Chicago; Harland W. Holden, Bates College; Melvin W. Sheppard, Irish-American Athletic Club (second in his heat, apparently losing his wind after the 200-metre mark); and James E. Meredith, Mercersburg Academy (second in his heat).

Sheppard's showing was a great surprise. The time of the heat was 1:57. The results of the qualifying heats gave England four men for future contests and Canada four, to eight for the United States.

While the foot races were being run the showers of the javelin were at the

The White Star liner Olympic, the largest steamer afloat, went on the mud flats off Communipaw Point as she was on her way to sea shortly after noon to-day. The sea monster's steering gear became disabled and she was carried by the tide far out of her course. She drifted close to Bedloe Island and there was an exciting few moments when she came near to running down the steam yacht Vacturus, lying at anchor near the island.

The people on the yacht noticed that the vessel had become unmanageable and it was a case of up anchors and a run for safety. There was no time to raise the mudhooks and all steam was applied on the handsome yacht as the Titanic's sister ship went drifting by. It was a close call. The Battery was crowded with people at the time, all bound for out of town over Sunday and there was a rush for the water front to observe the Olympic.

The police patrol from Harbor Station A went out flying and several tug boats off in quest of information and possible

Flowers and Fruit. The most given place on East World Building, Arcade, Tel. 3443 Seelman.

(Continued on Second Page.)